



Established
By Edward
Sawyer
1973

Summer 2004 Crimpsville Comments

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Dogwood

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Picture taken in 1940s. It was a common occurrence to wait in line for a seat at Ma Glockner's.

Marie (Ma) Glockner

Last night I was very surprised and honored to be asked to write a biography of my grandmother, Ma Glockner.

My very first memory of her is at sunset one summer evening in 1945. Ma and my dad, Bill, were standing by the rear of the old wood body truck and Ma was crying. I asked my dad what was wrong and he picked me up in his arms and said, "Ma is crying because her boys are coming home. The war is over." This is the earliest memory of my life and the earliest memory of a very kind and loving grandmother.

Ma was born on January 15, 1891 in Varmlands Saby, Sweden. She was the oldest of five children. At the age of 16 she left Sweden to come to the United States. Her first few years were spent in the vicinity of New York City where she worked for a wealthy family where she progressed from scullery maid to cook. The summers were spent in Princeton, Massachusetts, where she would go with the family. In 1912 she moved to the Malden/Boston area, working as cook at what is now Deaconess Hospital.

In 1914, she married Ludwig (Pa) Glockner. They bought a farm on Maple Street in Bellingham. They found it too difficult to live in Malden and farm in Bellingham, so the farm was put up for sale. The day of the closing the house burned to the ground, therefore the sale did not go through. As soon as, Pa had renovated one of the chicken houses into a home for the family, Ma and her sons moved to Bellingham in 1924. Soon he sold the home in Malden and moved to the farm to be with his family.

My father told me many times of the poverty in which they lived. One example is that there was one pair of shoes for both her oldest son, Bill and Ma to share and she would walk to church barefoot and put on shoes before entering the church. Another is, the day my Uncle Bob was born, Bill took Martin and walked the streets of Malden looking for pennies in the gutter. Moving to the farm gave them plenty of food because they grew their own. Bill said he never went to school on Wednesday. Ma had a route peddling eggs through Dedham, along what is now Route 109 and Bill stayed home to care for his two brothers. When Bill was old enough to drive, he took over the egg route. Shortly before Bill died in 1999, he had me drive him along this route. He told us many times of putting the oil lantern in the window waiting for Ma to come home long after dark and then of his feelings of coming home around the big curve and seeing the lamp in the window. Remember, back then Maple Street was a dirt road and there was no electricity up to the farm.

Ma & Pa had friends in Grafton who knew where buildings were being torn down in Worcester. For doing the razing of the buildings, they could have the lumber. So Pa and his friends went and tore down those buildings. That lumber was used to build the present "Ma Glockner's" restaurant.

The restaurant opened on Thanksgiving Day, 1937. Ma cooked the chicken until April 12, 1942. On that day she slipped and fell with a pan of hot grease and was badly burned. From that day until the restaurant was sold in 1971, her two sons, Bill and Bob did the cooking of the chicken. Every day her son Martin could be seen tending bar in the dining

room. During World War II, many of the employees of the restaurant were in the Army and would work while on weekend leave.

It was a family business held together by love and respect. MANY people who lived in Bellingham have worked there at one time or another. Those of us, who were privileged to know Ma Glockner, know of her generosity. She worked not only for her family, but also for the betterment of the community. In November, she would have craft sales and dinners at the restaurant to raise money for North Bellingham Baptist Church. The patchwork quilts made in the church basement have been on many of our beds. She spent many hours working with the Ladies Benefit Society to make those quilts. No one ever left her home hungry. I can remember her giving me a jar of soup to take up to old Mrs. Colt when she was sick.

Ma was very generous and always willing to help. No one knows all the families she helped during her many years in Bellingham. One year she was told of a family nearby who would have no Christmas. I can remember her buying gifts and we helped wrap them and a great big box of food that was delivered to the family in need. I was told of a dentist who wanted to set up a local office and she loaned him the money. He practiced locally for many years, until his death. Another doctor in the area needed help with expenses for medical school and to the best of my knowledge he still practices in Milford. She helped anyone she knew that needed help. Ma was our rock, the glue that held the family together. There will never be another like her. She taught me that kindness and generosity live on long after our earthly journey has ended.

Ma died in Beth Israel hospital in Boston on December 29, 1967 and is buried in North Bellingham.

by
Betsy (Glockner) Barbutes



Ludwig and Marie Glockner
50th Wedding Anniversary
September 15, 1964

RELIGION & CAMP MEETINGS

Although it is generally believed that the first settlers to our country came here to seek religious liberty, quite the contrary is correct. What they were looking for was "religious license," which means the freedom to follow their own beliefs and at the same time, prevent those who had other beliefs from following them. This was the reason Roger Williams with his Baptist leanings was expelled from Massachusetts and why some Quakers were actually hanged for their religion.

The first church in Bellingham was the Congregational Church which was built in 1722 and was located near the corner of North Main and Taunton Streets.

The Baptists built their church in 1737 on High Street. A stone marks the spot where it stood.

The Universalists built their church in South Bellingham in 1750 after which it was sold to Wright Curtis in 1834 to become a tavern. This was later sold to Jeremiah Crooks and used as a tavern until it burned down. This building was located near the later Beverly Club and is the reason why the corner in that area is known to this day as "Crooks Corner."

These churches were followed later by Assumption (1927), St. Brendan's (1895), and much later by St. Blaise (1962), all Catholic churches. While Assumption Church was being built, Mass was said in a large tent.

Many believe that the Town Hall was built and owned by a religious group, but this is not true. The Town Hall was built by the town at a cost of \$4,000, \$1,000 put up by the town and the rest by ten residents who got their money back by the rental of pews. This building was for use by all denominations and for town business. It was always deeded to the town, and never owned by any church.

While not specifically organized by local churches, socio-religious events known as camp meetings were encouraged by Protestant denominations.

Camp meetings are believed to have been started by a Peter Cartwright, a Methodist, and the camp meetings became so popular the Baptists and Presbyterians soon copied it.

Religious meetings or "Camp Meetings" were held as early as 1787 in Moundsville, West Virginia.

At the first camp meeting in this country, over 3,000 people fainted from "religious ecstasy," and those who didn't faint would jump, twitch or roll with excitement. This is why they were called "Holy Rollers" or "Holy Jumpers."

Camp meetings were held once a year during the farming slack season. Then people would come for miles around to attend, usually staying for a week. The Baptist cry was "Water, water," and "Follow your leader down into the water." Some people even believed that heaven was on an island and you had to swim to it.

The Methodists proclaimed their superiority in a little rhyme that went -

"I'll tell you who the Lord likes best -

It is the shouting Methodist!"

Methodist camp meetings were held in Bellingham into the late 1920s. There was not a very large membership from Bellingham, but participants came from as far away as one hundred miles. They would sing and pray far into the night and a large cook tent was erected to feed them. Meetings were held on the farm later owned by Mrs. Blanche Hendry at 151 North Main Street.

The camp meetings were a great social event throughout the country in the nineteenth century and into early twentieth century.. Old friends met, new friends were made, news was exchanged, romances made, and between sermons, political situations in the country were discussed. Music and singing were important features at the meetings.

Part of the old-time camp meetings existed for many years into the twentieth century with the great revival meetings sometimes held in Boston at the old Boston Garden, and in recent times nationally, led by Billy Sunday, and later by Billy Graham.

Variations of the camp meetings, such as the noted organization Chatauqua lasted until recent years. Wrentham was the site of Chatauqua meetings in the 1920s. These gatherings emphasized Christian living, and were led by noted and competent authors, musicians and lecturers, with minimal religious fervor..

The Wrentham Chatauqua meetings, held under tents, were well attended, and food and confections could be enjoyed by all. Camp meetings and Chatauqua meetings were non-commercial functions. Contributions of money were solicited, but not demanded, and usually the financial response more than covered the costs. Activities would start around mid-morning, ending at 9 PM, and usually lasted three days. Meetings were rather low-key, unlike the boisterous religious camp meetings of earlier times.

Programs varied from day-to-day, and only a few were repeated during the stay.

Camp meetings gradually disappeared from the local scene, but are still active in other parts of the country, still bringing their message of companionship and faith.

FDD

Another of our readers gave us the following article. Many of us remember the dearly departed.

OBITUARY

Today we mourn the passing of a beloved old friend by the name of Common Sense who has been with us for many years. No one knows for sure how old he was since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He will be remembered as having cultivated such value lessons as knowing when to come in out of the rain, why the early bird gets the worm and that life isn't always fair.

Common Sense lived by simple, sound financial policies (Don't spend more than you earn) and reliable parenting strategies (adults, not kids, are in charge). His health began to rapidly deteriorate when well intentioned but overbearing regulations were set in place. Reports of a six year old boy charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate, teens suspended from school for using mouthwash after lunch, and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student only worsened his condition. It declined even further when schools were required to get parental consent to administer aspirin to a student but could not inform the parents when a student became pregnant and wanted to have an abortion.

Finally, Common Sense lost the will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband, churches became businesses and criminals received better treatment than their victims. Common Sense finally gave up the ghost after a woman failed to realize that a steaming cup of coffee was hot, she spilled a bit in her lap, and was awarded a huge settlement.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust, his wife, Discretion, his daughter, Responsibility and his son, Reason.

He is survived by two step-brothers, My Rights and Ima Whiner.

Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone. If you still know him, pass this on; if not, you can give him yet a second death.

DEATHS

Raymond Carrier
Robert J. Bickom
William H. Hood
Cecile G. (Letelien) Jean
Warren C. Curran
Alice L. (Blackburn) Bokoski
Pasquale J. Cifizzari

A CHANGING NEIGHBORHOOD

The neighborhood I'm familiar with is Hartford Avenue, west of Rte. 126. I was only three years old when we moved into the new house my dad had built. After living in North Bellingham, this was an isolated spot on a dirt road. There was a rabbit farm across the street where an elderly couple lived. There were no children in the neighborhood and I was an only child. It was farm land all around us and virtually no traffic. The only noise was the sound of birds and household noises. My dad raised chickens for a while. While he worked, my mom took care of the chickens. I was scared to death to be left alone and followed Mom everywhere. She finally decided I needed a companion so took a little state girl. She wasn't with us too long because Mom took sick and she had to leave.

Across from the corner of Hartford Ave. and Rte. 126 was a small neighborhood store run by an elderly couple. It wasn't there too long. Later a family moved into the house with children but most much older than me. I would visit occasionally after supper because they all seemed to play a musical instrument and I enjoyed the music.

When the rabbit farm was sold, three other families moved in but each only stayed a short time. Finally a family moved in with three children and started a chicken farm. At last I had some neighborhood friends and playmates.

To our right was a family whose son drove the school barge. There were three sisters, one of whom was married at the time and I became friendly with her daughter whom I met in school. We still keep in touch. We knew all our neighbors. That family and my dad had cows and sold milk. Dad always had a big garden as well. We had a road side stand where he sold produce, his speciality was strawberries and corn.

The chicken business across the street was booming. Other farmers would be haying in the summer. More sounds were added to the neighborhood, kids playing, cows mooing, chickens squawking, dogs barking, horses neighing and the poise of horse drawn equipment. All the farmers had cats to keep the rats and mice out of the grain. I grew to love the farm and our close knit neighborhood. We knew everybody and all were there to help one another when needed.

Hixon St. branched off Hartford Ave. It, too, was a dirt road with only two houses, both occupied by bachelors, one a farmer and the other a mason. To our left and across the street were two houses, each occupied by

an elderly woman. A family lived at the corner of Nason St. and an elderly couple lived across the street from them. Next door was a man and his daughter. They built the Aw Common Inn which sold ice cream, candy and tobacco products. There was a fireplaced hall that was used for whist parties, dances and wedding receptions. As we grew older, we'd gather there some evenings to dance to a record player.

When I married, we built a house next to my folks and raised our three children there. It was still a close knit neighborhood with the only new houses ours and that of my childhood friend. All of a sudden a big farm on North Main St. was sold and many houses built. It became Weathersfield. At the same time, the farm that had the neighborhood store was sold and more houses built. They extended up Farm St. which was once a dirt road where the Poor Farm was located years before. Houses were popping up everywhere. The land abutting ours was sold and Macy School built. It no longer looked like the old neighborhood. City folks moved out here, traffic increased and vandalism introduced, something that was unheard of in the past. A turkey farm up the road was sold and a gravel company bought it and is still running it. We no longer knew our neighbors. Tauton and Nason streets were also dirt roads back then with only two or three houses. It's now lined with houses with other streets branching off. A couple of older homes on Hartford Ave. are now places of business. The Aw Common Inn is now a private home. The picturesque woods next door to me is now Monique Drive with houses on each side. The chicken farm across the street, with its many out buildings and a 1700s farm house was torn down and is now a series of town houses. One of the biggest changes was after Interstate 495 was built. Older homes were torn down to make room for businesses - gas stations, Wal Mart, Home Depot, a cinema and many other stores. Traffic increased drastically. At commuting time it's bumper to bumper traffic headed to jobs out of town. Years ago folks worked locally - Draper's, the shoe shops, the mills, hat shop or rubber shop. A few people worked in Boston but were able to take the train from North Bellingham.

The farms have disappeared, the smell of new mown hay and apple blossoms is no longer. Instead it's diesel fuel exhaust fumes from the many tractor trailer trucks that pass. It is difficult to hear the birds and spring peepers due to the traffic noise. The sounds and smells of farm life are gone forever. There's no more pastures where we used to pick blueberries and the grape vines are gone from the roadsides. Where cranberries once

grew in the marshy areas, houses were built. The beautiful wild flowers, evergreen and princess pine we used to pick have all disappeared.

Although our neighborhood stores were convenient, one had to go to Milford for major purchases such as clothes, furniture, hardware etc. Banking was also done in Milford. However, it is nice to have banks, grocery store and a department store so handy. Other stores take care of most of our needs. It's hard to believe the once part dirt Hartford Ave. is now a major road with six traffic lights and traffic jams. Growing up in a small neighborhood was a precious gift. Those wonderful years passed too soon but they left great memories that will last a lifetime.

F.M.M.

DONATIONS

Mary Caccavelli
Gabrielle Martel
Dorothy Spencer
Carlton & Mildred Patrick
Virginia & Bob Chase
Maribelle & Floyd Henault
Lena Boisseau

in memory of Rene L. Boisseau
June Hall

in memory of Dick Hill
Shirley Miller
Norma & Richard Renaud

in memory of

Steven Cook
(Aunt Norma-Uncle Dick)
Jody Renaud
(Mom and Dad)
(Rick, Scott, Joanne)

Harold & Inga Cook, Casey Cook,
Tom Hall, Matt Cook Hammer
John Cook

NOTICE

Due to lack of space, though we greatly appreciate your donations--in the future we will be limited to only printing 1 or 2 names(in memory of).

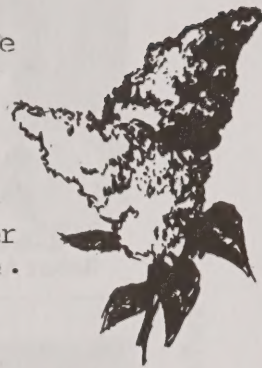
C.C.staff

"If you are on your best behavior, you will bring out the best in the persons with whom you spend most of your time."

LILACS

Lilacs against old houses,
Hold a special sort of place
In the eyes of the beholder
That time cannot erase.

And many a winding river
Or rambling fence of stone
Holds a bit of scenic wonder
For the viewer's eyes alone.



Remember when-

A bottle of pop was a once-a-week treat when the family went to town.

A 5¢ bag of candy could be shared.

There were no refrigerators and when anyone wanted a drink they went to the water pail.

Dancing was done with the feet.

Men could read the "men's" magazine the the family circle.

Kids walked to school and had no need for calisthenic exercises when they got there.

Everyone, that wanted to, got a pretty good education, and without the advantage of head-start and kindergarten, gymnasiums and stadiums and athletic teams.

Corrective measures when taken with delinquents were applied at their seats of learning.

People could get along on what they had.

Things that could be ill-afforded were thought of as luxuries and not as necessities.

About the only kind of money there was to be had was the kind that had to be worked for.

The only government handouts were a few garden seeds once a year.

People had only their own troubles to think about, and didn't look at and listen to and be reminded daily of the troubles of the world.



Robert Antosh
Robert Antosh



Hannah Arnold
Hannah Arnold



Raymond Beauregard
Raymond Beauregard



Delores Compagno
Delores Compagno



Alfred Cote
Alfred Cote



Marcia Crooks
Marcia Crooks



Lucien Debigare
Lucien Debigare



Albert Forte
Albert Forte



Andre Gregoire
Andre Gregoire



Muriel Jodoin
Muriel Jodoin



Russell Kozubinski
Russell Kozubinski



Pauline Landry
Pauline Landry



Doris Laquerre
Doris Laquerre



Joseph Ledoux
Joseph Ledoux



Russell Levitre
Russell Levitre



Conrad Lazelle
Conrad Lazelle



Roger Marcet
Roger Marcet



Lorraine Mosseau
Lorraine Mosseau



Shirley Perkins
Shirley Perkins



John Skalubinski
John Skalubinski



Ernest Welch
Ernest Welch

SOUTH SCHOOL GRADE 3
1940 - 1941 SCHOOL YEAR
TEACHER - MISS HASENFUS



THIRD DEGREE DRILL TEAM---BELLINGHAN GRANGE INSTALLATION---
circa--1943-1944

back row- Nettie Gardner, Marion Thayer, Isabelle Thayer, Veronica
Harper, Matilda Harper, Luvia Cook, Anna Patrick, ??Grace Wilcox??

front row- ???-??, Christine Taylor, Claire Thibodeau??, Ethel
Spencer, Vera Gaskill, Edna Estes, Norma Chase, Zella Chase,
???-??

(if anyone can identify the missing names, we would be grateful)

The Partridge Murder Case

James J. Buckley

The sole blot on the reputation of the Partridge family was due to George Partridge's losing bouts with demon rum. Strictly speaking since he lived in East Medway and not in Partridgetown, friends and relatives tried to ignore the bizarre antics of 34 year old George, and claimed he was a very distant relative. But in both Medway and Bellingham, George was known as the family's black sheep. When he married into the Adams family of North Bellingham, observers concluded that it would be only a matter of time before he would come to a bad end. Events in 1880 caused this prophecy to come true.

Sometime in 1872, Nellie Adams and George met and decided to get married. Apparently, the fact that the Adams family was widely known as a "hard lot" did not faze George. Soon the Adams(es) began to speculate that they got the worst of the bargain, for George became widely known in East Medway as a person addicted to alcohol. Whenever he was under the influence of alcohol, he became angry and argumentative. Soon, the neighbors of George and Nellie Partridge claimed that their home was "a hell on earth". Despite this fact, Nellie stayed with George and bore him a son.

In 1880, George, Nellie and their child, accompanied by a young woman named Eleanor Daniels from Franklin, went to visit the Adams family in North Bellingham. Almost immediately after he arrived, George began drinking from the jug he had brought along. Nellie tolerated this behavior but when George began to search for his father-in-law's supply of liquor, Nellie tried to call a halt to her husband's drinking. A heated argument ensued, resulting in the couple deciding to separate. George left and it was assumed that he was gone for good.

A few days later, he barged into the Adams home, obviously drunk. When he found his sister-in-law, Sarah Adams, sitting in the kitchen with Miss Daniels(who was still visiting), he insisted that they take a ride with him. Both women flatly refused. causing him to become loud and insulting. Suddenly, he rushed over to where Eleanor Daniels sat, grabbed her ankles and dragged her out of the house toward his wagon. But when he got to that spot where he had left his rig, it was gone. Puzzled, he absently released Miss Daniels and began hunting for his horse and wagon. While he searched, Eleanor Daniels ran into the house and out the back door, hiding eventually in the woods, in fear of her life.

After George found his horse and wagon in a nearby cornfield, he must have suddenly remembered he wanted to take Miss Daniels for a ride. He hurried into the Adams house in a great rage and confronted his mother-in-law, abusing her verbally. Then he rushed up the front stairs, apparently because he had concluded that Miss Daniels was hiding on the second floor.

During the murder trial, all the information given above was never contradicted. However, conflicting and confusing stories about subsequent events, made this murder trial the most celebrated case in the town's history.

Members of the Adams family claimed that when George got to the top step, he tripped and fell backwards. Somehow, this alleged fall caused George to begin bleeding profusely. The Adams' claimed they dragged him outside, thinking he had experienced a nose bleed.

An interested bystander during these alarming events, was Ernest Bent of North Bellingham who was there to visit Miss Daniels. Why he didn't come to her assistance when George was manhandling her and try to help in her escape, was never revealed. But he did later testify that he indeed saw Amos and Frank Adams, brothers of Mrs. Partridge, dragging George outside, leaving a trail of blood.

There were many reasons why Sheriffs Coombs and Woodman later concluded that the Adamses were not telling the truth. First, even though they admitted that he was bleeding from what they claimed was a nose=bleed, they left him outside unattended for almost two hours before they finally got around to calling Dr. Hammond to the scene.

When the doctor examined Partridge, he discovered a more compelling reason for doubting the word of the Adams. Dr. Hammond found that George had received eight wounds, four of which were so deep that anyone could have caused his death. He also had cuts on his head and face which caused Hammond to conclude that George had been severely beaten.

After Hammond announced his findings, the Adams, with an inventive turn of mind, suggested that George must have become despondent and attempted to kill himself. Undoubtedly, Dr. Hammond was both exasperated and astonished by now. He patiently pointed out that George's wounds could not have been self-inflicted. When the Doctor made this statement, the Adams' suddenly remembered that a tramp had been lurking about the premises and he must have attacked poor George. When the two sheriffs arrived and heard the many and varied conflicting stories about George's demise, they promptly arrested Amos and Frank Adams for the murder. At their Arraignment, the pair protested that they were innocent.

A week later, after George had been buried and the police had completed their investigation, the inquest was held before Trial Judge Deane. In the morning, some witnesses were interviewed privately by the Judge, but in the afternoon, the Press and Public were allowed into the courtroom. The first prosecution witness was Sarah Adams, sister of Amos and Frank. Her story of the events leading up to the actual assault on George, agreed with the official version. However, instead of implicating her two brothers, as the Prosecution expected her to do, she suddenly displayed that imaginative turn of mind that had been the hallmark of the Adams family members. Encouraged by Defense Attorney Stephen H. Tyng, Sarah told the court that she saw George rushing up the stairway with a butcher knife in his hand. She then saw the boarder, Plummer, coming out of his room. According to Sarah, Plummer grabbed the knife out of George's hand and proceeded to stab the victim repeatedly. Amos and Frank rushed

out of their rooms and pulled Plummer away from George. George covered with blood then fell down stairs.

As Sarah told this interesting story, the Prosecution repeatedly objected, asking Judge Deane to stop her from telling this preposterous tale, but the Judge permitted her to relate all the gory details of what she claimed happened that night.

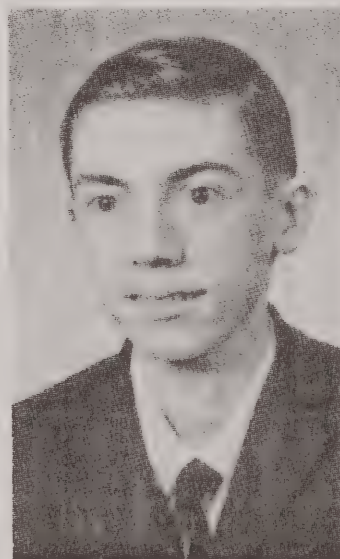
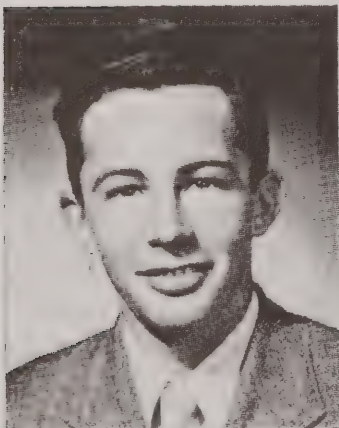
If the solution of this murder case had depended upon just the testimony of the Adams-family members, the case would be unsolved today. For given, given the determination of the Adams to tell confusing stories, the Court would have been unable to select which story was the truth. Unlike many other murder cases, there were too many solutions. George either committed suicide, or was killed by a passing tramp or by the boarder.

Fortunately, when the Prosecution was allowed to continue its case. it was learned that Detective George C. Pratt had resolved the matter. Pratt told the Court he visited Amos Adams' cell and told him that the police believed he had committed the crime. Pratt told Adams he wasn't obliged to say anything but it would help the police if he gave them his side of the story. According to Pratt Amos began at first to repeat some of the imaginative tales his relatives had given, but suddenly he broke down and confessed. Pratt wrote out the confession and Amos signed it. Pratt, then went to Frank Adams, showed him the signed confession and convinced him that it would be best for him to confess also. Frank agreed and as a result, Pratt was able to give the Court the two confessions.

Their story, which became the official version, was that the pair confronted George at the top of the stairs. When he refused to stop his yelling and aggressive behavior, they pulled out pocket knives and began stabbing Partridge. The force of their blows pushed Partridge backwards and he fell down the stairs.

Thus, the most famous murder case in Bellingham during the 19th century was solved. And given, the Adams compulsion to tell creative stories, the case became the most interesting such crime in Bellingham's long history.

G U E S S W H O



Dominic G. Di Pietro & Son

It is with pleasure that we can occasionally remember some of our more illustrious/successful businessmen of the past.

Dominic G. DiPietro came to Boston from Italy at 18 years of age. After several years, he returned to Italy to marry Lucia Volpe. They first lived in East Boston, the Watertown where he was a foreman of Coleman Bros. Construction Co., before coming to Bellingham. It was here he built his family home and where he also started his own construction company in 1927.

He specialized in Road Construction, Excavating and General Contracting. Though his first job was in Slatersville, R.I., he worked in any number of MA. towns, such as Walpole, Sharon, Wrentham, Foxboro, Mendon, Bellingham, etc.,etc. He had contracts for roads, sewers and water systems. He worked for Socony Vacuum Oil Company for more than 16 years.

Dominic's two brothers came from Italy and lived at the DiPietro homestead. All the men worked for his company....One of his brothers, Faustino, arrived with 2 children, Joseph and Mary. They later moved to Woonsocket. Joseph became a teacher in Bellingham and later, in years, retired as Supt. of Schools. Mary married Mario Conti and one of their sons, Olivio, recently retired as a History teacher at Bellingham High School.

Dominic and Lucia were the parents of 5 children--Filomena, Jennie, Orlando, Pauline and Mary. The first four graduated from Franklin High School--Mary entered the 1st Bellingham High School as a sophomore. She later went on to teach at Holliston High School.....In 1941, Orlando, joined the company, as a partner. There was no job too large or too small for this company. The demand for their services were adequate proof that 'it pays to serve the people to the best of one's ability'. Their services constantly made Blackstone Valley a better place to live.....

Mary's four children--Maria, Francis, Dominic and Lucia all graduated from BHS. Maria taught school in Bellingham. Francis is an engineer; after graduating from Harvard University, Dominic and Lucia own Dominic's Liquors in town. Dominic is a Past President of the Bellingham Businessmen's Association.

Dominic, Sr. passed away in 1966 and Orlando carried on the business til he retired. Mary still lives in the family homestead.

...A family well-remembered...



MAILBOX NEWS

Hi There,

Bob and I, so much enjoy the Crimpville Comments, and find so many of the stories of people and places of great interest.

We have traveled just about every nook and cranny in Bellingham, admiring and loving the country atmosphere. Once??

Our memories include many of the wonderful friends and neighbors, some of which are still writing notes to your paper, and others who have passed on.

In memory of those who have gone but never forgotten, we send our token gift to help defray costs of the paper, in their memory.

Our very best to those who work so hard to keep the paper intact.

I am also including some old post cards for the archives. You probably have them all, but thought I'd send them along anyway. God Bless..

Virginia(Ginny) & Bob Chase

Dear Ernie,

Reading Dana Carr's letter brought back fond memories of his brother, Wendell. He and my daughter, Ellen went to school together and when they were in Mrs. Shaw's 5th grade class, she told them if they didn't quiet down they wouldn't receive their report cards. From the back of the room came "it's a deal". Who could it be but Wendell Carr, of course. He was the fun leader of the class.

We all look forward to reading the Crimpville Comments. Interesting and well done.

Marie Crouse

Corrections

In the last issue, #164, a picture on page 4 was incorrectly identified as B. A. Smith. It should have been identified as B.A. White

The first names of both Katherine Garriepy (pg.2) and Katherine Whiting (pg.4) were incorrectly spelled. The names should be spelled Kathryn.

Historical Commission'

The enclosed check is for the Crimpville Comments. I sure enjoy getting each edition.

Shirley Miller

To the Crimpville Comments,

I was a resident of Bellingham from 1926--1940, when I married Walter Sanderson of Franklin.

My dad was Warren Bates, a motor man and farmer on Scott Hill Rd. or South Main St. We lived at the house just after the Town Clerk's who was Walter Thayer.

Later, we sold that place and moved up to where St. Blaise is now. We bought the farm from Mame Webber.

I have 2 sisters, Marjorie and Virginia(who was married to Wesley Johnson, another Bellingham resident.

We enjoy reading the Comments. Bellingham was a friendly town with great memories--wish they could be repeated..nice folks...

Edith Sanderson

Dear Editor,

I am enclosing a check to help a little. I have a cousin in Maine who would like to receive your mailin. Her mother was mt dad's sister, Lilla. She was in Bellingham 2 years ago, and went to the Museum. They gave her some issues and she enjoyed them to much I gave her some of mine. I told my brother, Albert and since he knew I'd given some of my early ones away he arrived last week with all the old issues. As I am not a good sleeper, I have spent many nights re-reading them. I had forgotten so much, that it was like getting a batch of new ones. It was a real treat.

Please keep the Comments coming. I am told I wouldn't recognize the dear old town now.

Best Wishes,
Dorothy Spencer

Dear Sir;

Sending a donation in memory of my husband, a Navy Vet.

Also Phillip and John Wasylean had a poultry and vegetable farm on 800 Pulaski Blvd. They were father & son, and were not mentioned.

People who knew Cecile Robidoux, is in Sunbridge Med. Center in Milford She would love to hear from you.

Lena Boisseau

Hi Ernie,

We really enjoy your paper. I am sending a donation in memory of relatives.

Would like to see a before and after picture of our house in the Comments.

Norma & Richard Renaud

Dear Sirs:

When the latest issue of the Crimpville Comments arrives, it is my time to wander through Bellingham, once again. They say "you can take the girl out of the small town, but you can't take the small town out of the girl". I guess it applies to your many subscribers around the U.S.

based on the letters sent to you. I do enjoy reading it. Ergo, here's a donation to help you keep it coming.

I hope to visit the Museum at your office in April since I am heading to Bellingham my sister, Dolores Martel, celebrate her 90th birthday. Now the whole town knows her age. She has lived in Bellingham 83 of those years--that has to be some kind of record.

Sincerely,
Gaby Martel

Crimpville Comments,

Enclosed please find a donation in memory of my husband, Dick Hill.

We have both enjoyed each issue over the years. Even though we now live in Maine, we have fond memories of Bellingham and the Comments keeps us well-informed by each issue.

Keep the Crimpville Comments coming. You are doing a wonderful service for the town.

Yours truly,
June Hill

NATURE UNFOLDS INTO SPRING

A bare spot in the snow shows a bit of green grass that spreads as the snow melts, and pussy willows dot the woodlands. As the sun gets higher in the sky and one can feel its warmth, spring begins to unfold. The blue birds and robins return along with the red winged black birds. Slowly other birds start to return and their sweet songs can be heard. A crocus will blossom, first one and then many, along with snow drops. Wild flowers start making an appearance in the fields and woodlands. First the lowly bluet, swamp violets, star flowers and many others. By the edge of swamps, cowslips bloom and skunk cabbage pokes through the damp earth. The spring peepers sing their nocturnal chorus. As the days get warmer, one can smell the damp earth and watch the trees begin to show a pinkish aura in the woodland.

In the garden, daffodils bloom and the tulips spring up. Asparagus and rhubarb seem to grow overnight. Bees are buzzing from one blossom to another and a bobwhite will cry its lonely tune and someone would say, "I guess it's going to rain." At dusk a whip-poor-will would call it's mate and later one may hear a screech owl in the distance. One knew it was time to check the woods for the majestic lady slipper.

In some places wild white dogwood and redbuds would dot the edges of the roadside. It's the rebirth of nature. If you live or have lived on a farm, it's birthing time for the animals. The sight of young calves, lambs and foals in the pasture gives one the feeling all is right with the world.

Lilacs seem to blossom in every yard and their lovely scent perfumes the air.

Spring is a wonderful season of rebirth everywhere but only in the country can you enjoy the whole picture as you see, hear, feel and smell it.

F.M.M.

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